CUPID'S PRANKS IN PARKS

The Old, Old Story Told Under Majestic Trees.

FLIRT'S BATTLE GROUND

Sunny and Shady Side of Life May Be Seen in Government Reservations.

Talk about flirting! If you want to see the genuine, unadulterated article, just saunter over to the Capitol Grounds, or spend an evening in any of the numerous parks of the city and you will be convinced that Cupid's power is just as potent now as it was in the days of Lancelot and Galahad, when no test of strength or skill was too great to endure for the sake of laying a trophy at the feet of some fair Elaine.

The gallant knights of the present day, however, are not obliged to go beyond the limits of florists and candy shops in quest of favors which will win the uncertain heart of the summer girl. For the girls of today are summer girls, of the most improved type, and they know what they want, and how to get it, too.

Behold a sample of the greatness of the feminine mind:

"Oh, dear, isn't it horrid!" petulantly exclaimed a Connecticut avenue beauty as she gave her hat a jerk, which set it at an angle of 45 degrees.

"Just perfectly abominable!" emphatically answered her chum, with an angry toss of her chemically treated curls.

"Just to think of it, Sue. We wanted to go down the river tonight and up to the music tomorrow, and they knew it, and had to go off cycling with those hideous Stanley girls."

"There's the soda, too, Flo," added Sue, "and the ice cream. O—oh, the hateful things."

"Say, Sue, let's get even!"

"All right; how?"

"Let's go up to the Capitol, or somewhere, this evening, and see if we can't pay 'em back!"

"Oh, but suppose Jack finds it out. He'll be furious," protested Sue.

"Now, Sue, don't be a goose. What if he does. We can fib out of it, easy enough."

"All right, but I haven't a cent, and we can't walk."

"We won't. We'll ride," calmly asserted Flo. "Both ways, too."

"What oh, our looks?" laughed Sue.

"No, the cars, on three cents and a car ticket. I'll fix the conductor," was the startling reply.

THE CONDUCTOR "FIXED."

A well-told tale of a lost pocketbook "fixed" the conductor, and they were soon enjoying the beauties of nature, by electric light, from the elevation of the Capitol steps.

Inactivity under such circumstances, was out of the question, so a promenade was the order of the hour until two callow youths, in white duck, wearing "Girl Wanted" and "If you love me, grin" buttons, tumbled to the situation and paused to return the "grin" which they knew was sure to follow.

It did follow, and developed into a lively giggle, as the quartet compared notes on buttons, bicycles and baseball. Preferring to revel in the witchery of the moonlight, they sought a more secluded spot where inquisitive eyes and the audacious rays of the electric light failed to penetrate.

Confidences common to the summer girl and her male counterpart were exchanged at a lively rate, and all went well, until, by some unlucky fate, the two "hideous Stanley girls" and their cycle companions chanced to stroll along that balcony and fairly stumbled upon the interesting quartet.

Such a complication as resulted, for Sue was just in the thick of a summer, or otherwise, engagement with Jack, while the elongated youth of the "girl wanted" button, had entered into a similar contract with the prettiest of the Stanley girls. The interesting quartet was speedily broken up and wrath and tears were the accompaniment to the tune of "Just Tell Them that You Saw Me," which a small boy was vigorously whistling in the street below.

The girls walked home, and by themselves, too, and now the octet don't speak as they pass by.

However, the experiences of the summer girl are as varied and variable as Washington weather, but rarely does she get into any difficulties. Smooth sailing is the manifest characteristic of her career and not infrequently white roses and wedding bells form a part of the grand finale.

IF THE BENCHES COULD TALK.

Could the grand old trees, whose drooping branches afford shade and seclusion to one of the benches in Franklin Park tell a story of their observations of mankind, many an interesting romance would doubtless be disclosed. A particular bench is marked, and is always in demand by those who wish to discuss the old, old story and its variations.

One evening, not many moons ago, a young girl occupied it all alone, until the twilight deepened into darkness, and she, like Mariana of the moated grange, began to say, "He cometh not; I am aweary."

But he did come, however, and though he pleaded business and dwelt upon the weather, she quickly reminded him of his remissness by:

"Next time I meet you, you'll know it."

"But dear, I could not help it. You see I did not want to come without this," said he, producing a tiny jewel case and there amid the ever-changing lights and shadows, with only the trees and twinkling stars to witness, he placed the ring on her finger, with all the finishing touches. When he asked her if she still objected to the "business" which detained him, with a woman's inconsistency she replied:

"Oh, that's different."

The parks are not alone the rendezvous of courting couples, but many of life's comedies and tragedies can point to them as the Alpha and Omega of their existence. Domestic estrangements, misunderstandings, partings and reunions, all alike find consummation along graveled walks and aisles of these unrivalled gardens of Eden which beautify our city.

In most cases, however, the white-winged dove of peace soars over the troublous element. Many have cause to bless the advent of the parks, for in some chance meeting in the oases of the city desert some have found their lives' greatest happiness.

In the Smithsonian grounds not very long ago, a little comedy was enacted, which, but for the existence of that particular spot as a resting place for weary pedestrians, might have been a tragedy instead.

It was early in the spring, before the summer girl and the butterfly had yet donned their wings, or the chill breezes of departing winter had softened down into summer's gentle zephyrs.

One dark, dismal afternoon, when old Sol was in the sulks behind the clouds, and the dead leaves were hurrying and skurrying, hither and thither, at the beck and call of the wind, the old prophecy of the silver lining being always present was verified.

It was not the sort of a day that most people would choose for a contemplation of Nature's glorious elements, but still there is no accounting for tastes. At least so thought the passers by as they noticed a belated wayfarer take his seat among the leaves on one of the benches. Lighting a cigar and unfolding a newspaper, he settled down to enjoy himself, regardless of weather, time or place.

Shortly after, a lady attired in the somber habiliments of mourning and evidently in sore distress, came leisurely along the same pathway. So intent was she upon her own thoughts that she did not observe the solitary occupant of the bench until the restless wind blew a portion of the newspaper at her feet. Somewhat startled, she looked up, only to give a faint scream and fall in the arms of one she mourned as dead.

They had met on that very spot some few years before, and as a result had eloped and been secretly married. She, returning to her parents' home, while he, in quest of work, had gone West. Death had claimed both her parents, and rumor numbered the absent husband with them, also. Penniless and friendless, she had come once more to visit the spot so fraught with pleasant memories, before she sought relief from her troubles in a suicide's grave.

Park life levels rank, for all alike meet upon common ground. The aristocrat, the pauper, white and colored, of all kinds and conditions, enjoy the same privileges, and share the same benches, too.

There is no respecting of persons, much to the disgust of many, whose exclusive tendencies require them to remain aloof from the common herd.

Here, Dinah, smiling and odorous, withher week's washing on her spacious lap, sits complacently beside the haughty society dame, whose frigid glances fail to penetrate the perspiring equanimity of the eminently useful, if not altogether ornamental, member of society by her side.

Close by, on another bench, in spite of the heat and regardless of the gaze of the curious, Thomas Jefferson is telling the same old story, ever new, to a very smiling and dusky Sarah Jane, and the world looks on and smiles, as it always does, whether the lovers be colored or white, old or young, Christian or pagan.

Though a blessing to humanity in general, from the wee tot taking its daily outing in its nurse's arms or rolling in infantile enjoyment upon the grassy sward to the aged veteran whose hoary locks and tottering steps tell of time's relentless touch, yet the park is and always will be while time lasts and the summer girl exists, with her predilection for flirting undiminished, a Mecca to which Cupid will direct those in search of the shortest road to Hymen's altar.

NOW HE WANTS A WIFE.

The Harrowing Experience of an Unmarried Man at a Picnic.

Detroit Free Press.

"Look at my duck pants," said the bachelor, who was walking around his den as restlessly as a hyena, when his married partner called. "Most of the people in the city have seen them, but I'll give you a private exhibit. Note the big green splotches. See the patches where the starch was taken out, limp as an empty sail. Feast your eyes on this shirt front, streaked and striped in every color from blackberry jam to pink lemonade. Looks like the work of a poster-painter with the jim-jams. Observe this Panama hat. You would naturally think that it had been run through a clothes-wringer and then put in crimping irons. Count the blisters on the inside of my hands. Note that my eyes are as red and bleary as though I were a victim of the gin habit. The skin is peeling off my face and my hair looks as though it had been dried in a harvest field."

"Good heavens, man! Were you in a building that collapsed, an explosion or a shipwreck?"

"No, no. It is all the result of a deliberate and premeditated act of folly on my own part. Some of the 'dear ladies' inveigled me into attending a Sunday-school picnic, all the families of the children invited. The youngsters took to me like bees to a sugar barrel. The babies crawled over me, slobbered over me, dumped all kinds of refreshments over me and crowed over me. The little boys rolled me in the grass, piled on me like the bottom man in a football mountain of flesh, used my hat as they would the ball and voted me the nicest man they ever took to any place. I rowed the little girls on the river till my hands were like puff balls and I thought that my back would have to be set. I was parboiled in the sun and pretty nearly blew my brains out while I smoked my eyes out starting a fire. I was used as a pack horse and did police service in keeping 200 or 300 kids from getting lost or falling into the water. On the way home outside passengers disputed as to whether I was drunk or had been in a runaway. Now I'm looking for a wife."

"Because you think you can stand any kind of trouble now?"

"No, sir. Because I notice that none of you married fellows are ever picked upon as the victims in these social barbarities. I'd rather assume the responsibilities of a husband than superintend another picnic."

CONTRACTOR'S SCHEME.

With a Hand Organ's Aid His Men Worked Faster.

London Tit-Bits.

Standing in front of his uncompleted flat building a contractor uneasily watched the laborers as they slowly performed their work. The men who carried in the bricks and tiling from the street were especially annoying to him. They moved about at a sleepy and turtle-like pace, and did not appear to be worried in the least when their slowness was the cause of delay on the inside work.

While he was watching them in disgust an Italian with a barrel organ halted just across the way and began grinding out a lively march.

He had been playing for several minutes before the contractor observed the marvelous effect of the music on the men, who were carrying the bricks. They came out of the building like circus horses in a grand entree, hurriedly filled their hods, and then marched back into the building at double quick, stepping high.

The builder went across the street and gave the Italian a shilling, in return for which he played lively tunes for a half hour. During that half-hour the laborers did a half-day's work. Next day the contractor ran across another Italian, and sent him over to the corner to play. And the laborers never discovered what a shabby trick had been played upon them.

A Difference Noted.

"Uncle Simon, what is the difference between a statesman and a politician?"

"The politician pulls the wagon and the statesman gets the ride."—Chicago Record.

LOOKS LIKE WASHINGTON

Ebenezer Ball's Appearance the Subject of Comment.

COUSIN OF A PRESIDENT

He Was Related to Washington by Three Lines of Cousinship and Also by Marriage.

Visitors to the Pension Office often stop and gaze at the man in charge of the cigar and souvenir stand.

"He is the living image of George Washington," is the frequent remark. And well he may be, for this gentleman, Col. Ebenezer Burgess Ball, is one of four who are the nearest relatives of the first President, being the grandson of Col. Burgess Ball, of Virginia, Washington's cousin and close friend.

He was related to Washington by three lines of cousinship, to which he added a fourth by marrying the General's niece, Frances Washington. The three sons of this marriage were George Washington Ball, who commanded a company of cavalry in 1812, and died of camp fever, unmarried; Lafayette Ball, with one son, Capt. George Washington Ball, who is a geologist, and Charles Burgess Ball, the father of Ebenezer Ball, also the late Judge Ball, of Virginia, and one daughter, who is at present a resident of a home for incurables.

Thus the four people, whose claim to nearest kinship to the Father of his Country, have been acknowledged as just by the society of the Sons of the Revolution, are all descendants of the marriage of Col. Burgess Ball with Frances Washington.

RESEMBLANCE ACCOUNTED FOR.

The resemblance between Col. Ball, of the Pension Office, and Gen. Washington is accounted for by the former, who traces the appearance of both to the Ball family.

"George Washington," said he, "got his looks from his mother, Mary Ball, while mine came to me from her brother, and my grandfather, Burgess Ball."

Col. Ball, who is within one year of being an octogenarian, is quite active for his age, and may be seen daily behind the counter of his Pension Office stand, selling goods. He lives plainly, but comfortably, in a small brick dwelling on Fourth street, near G northwest, where his wants are ministered to by a domestic who has been in his service for years.

Here he delights to receive his many visitors and recount the adventures of his eventful life, not omitting his resemblance to "Cousin" George, of which he is very proud. His history, as he relates it, is as follows:

He was born in Loudoun county, Va., in 1817, and after attending the country school for eight years, came to Washington at the age of seventeen in search of work. He secured employment as clerk in a store which was situated on Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, and held this position for ten years.

While there he often waited on such men as Webster, Gales, Calhoun and Clay, who would drop in to see him on account of his distinguished descent.

Col. Ball was one of the first to settle on Western lands. He started five years before the famous days of '49.

SEARCHED FOR GOLD.

The time of the gold fever found him located on the banks of the Osage River in Missouri, but he caught the epidemic and started out with five oxen and a crowd of young men for the Pacific coast.

He followed the northern route, but when he had gone as far as Oregon was told by returning pioneers that he could never cross the Humboldt desert with such a party. So he decided to locate where he was and settled in Rogue River Valley. While here the Indians, who were brought into contact with the white man for the first time, swooped down one night, and attacking every house in the camp, precipitated what is known as the Rogue River Indian war.

The whites finally exterminated the band completely. Col. Ball fought during this war with distinction. Afterward he entered into the provision business and supplied the camp with food.

At the outbreak of the civil war he returned to his old home in Leesburg, Va., to take care of his widowed mother. He remained there during the war and protected the fine home plantation, which was her property.

Near the close of the war his mother died. The close of the struggle found him a ruined man.

He then came to Washington and engaged for a while in the butter business, but was forced to give it up. When the Washington Monument was completed he applied for the position of doorkeeper, but failed to secure it.

Several friends obtained permission for him to open the stand in the Pension Office, which now supports him very comfortably. He is unmarried, having remained single for the protection of, first, his mother and afterward his sister, who, until lately, was dependent upon him.

A THEATRICAL VENTURE.

The New Manager Found the Little Man the Wrong Sort of a Man.

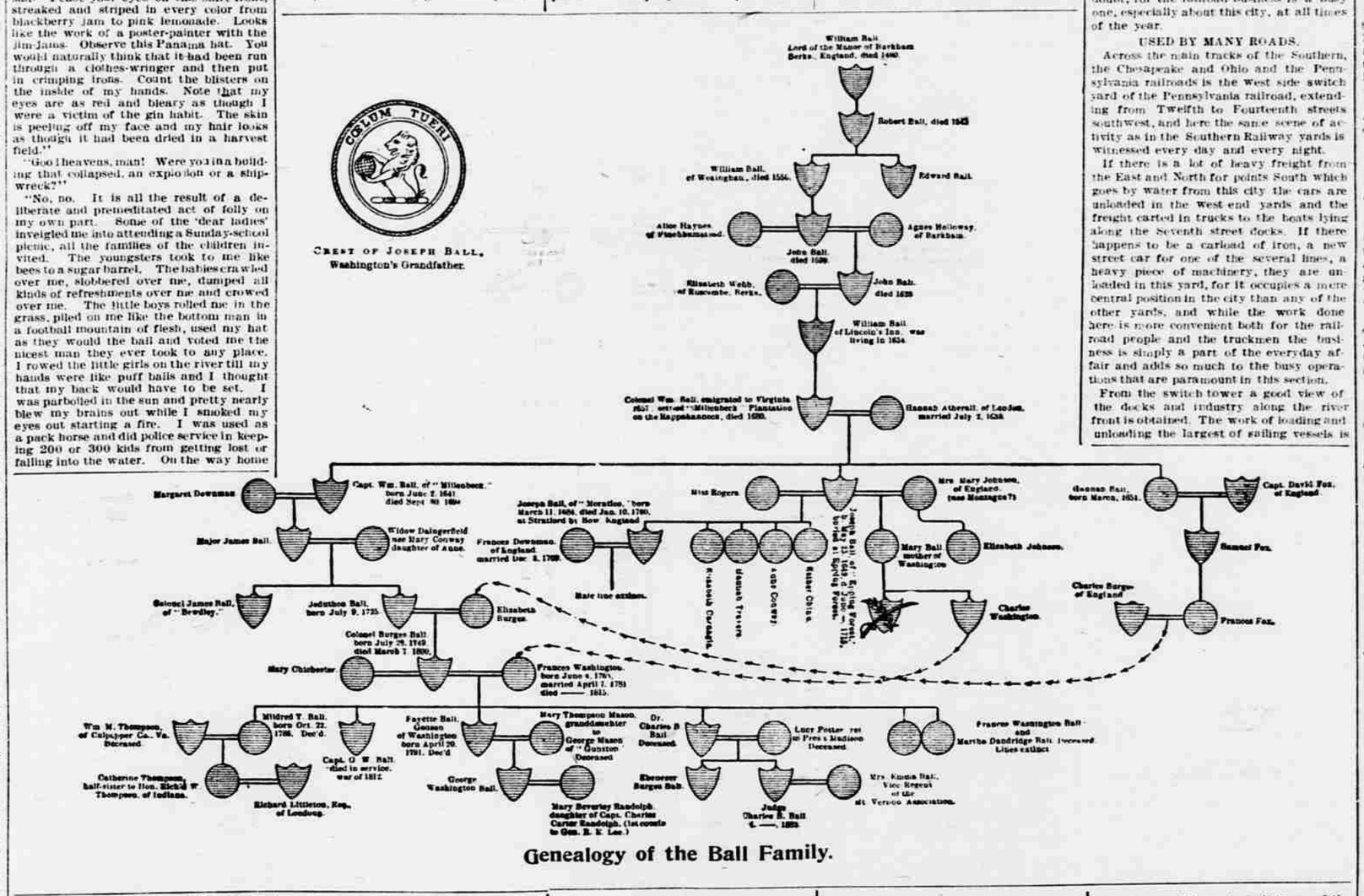
Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, I took out a theatrical company once," admitted the fat alderman, as they were mixing beer with politics. "I was young then and hustling like a man making for a cyclone cellar. Old Hunky had a pretty good circuit for those days, and kept two or three companies of his own on the road. I happened in his office when word came that one of his managers had skipped, and I struck Hunky for the job. Though I was a raw hand at the business, he knew that I was full of days' work, and conceded to let me have a show."

"After giving me some instructions, he said there was one thing he wanted to particularly impress upon me. The people in the company would try to run all Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor or Appomattox.

The name conjures up the snake-like structure, with a long line of glittering bayonets, flaunting flags, white army wagons

Col. Ebenezer Burgess Ball.



Genealogy of the Ball Family.

AT THE LONG BRIDGE'S END

Thirty Years' Changes in the Historic Structure.

ONE OF CITY'S BUSY SPOTS

Dozens of Trains Roll Across It, Connecting the Capital and the South.

When the Long Bridge is mentioned one does not have to say the Long Bridge at Washington, any more than one would be obliged to affix the State to Gettysburg, Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor or Appomattox.

The name conjures up the snake-like structure, with a long line of glittering bayonets, flaunting flags, white army wagons and rumbling artillery stretching away into the Virginia hills. It recalls the historic days of the '60's, and history's pages reproduce it many times.

But the Long Bridge of today is not the structure of thirty odd years ago, when Hooker's army swept across its shaky spans. Then the wooden trusses crept across a reach of tide-covered flats into a sedgy shore, with sleepy old river craft tied to ancient wharves. Fine old gardens reached back to the water's edge, and willows and sycamores fringed the stream. But it's different now.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

One of the busiest sections in the city is that in the immediate vicinity of the north end of the bridge.

A few questions to men employed in the railroad yards and along the docks nearby and the emphatic answers will quickly convince anyone to the contrary if they happen to have an idea that that section is a quiet place. A half hour in the telegraph office and switch tower at the end of the bridge can be spent with considerable interest and profit by one who is interested in the busy scenes that are shown every day in every locality. At this point forty-four passenger and thirty-two freight trains pass daily. If for no other reason was this section used the place would be considered a busy one, but when the other classes of business are also taken into consideration the section becomes a decidedly active one, and the many branches of work there are worth watching for awhile.

"You ought to be here some day when it isn't raining," said Harrison, the day operator, "and you'd think it a busy place. The men who are usually occupied in this vicinity can't work today because of the rain, and when the gang is away the place has rather a deserted appearance. Come around tomorrow and I'll guarantee to show you as lively a place as will be found in the District of Columbia."

At that very moment there was a heavy downpour of rain, and apparently, in spite of this, there was a scene of activity all around the tower. Train after train rolled by in either direction, and a man who attends strictly to business in a switch tower has about all he can handle conveniently. Added to the several trains on the railroad tracks there are the trains of the Washington, Alexandria and Mount Vernon Railway, which come and go so often that one is not out of sight before another is in its place.

There is something majestic about a railroad train, as there is about a steamship, and some of the limited expresses on the Southern and on the Chesapeake and Ohio which pass this tower almost hourly are among the finest in the world. They look especially interesting as they go flying past the tower or as they are brought to a dead stand near the tower, if circumstances occasion such a procedure.

Even the little trains on the electric railway attract more than a passing notice as they come in sight with that peculiar whirring sound made only by electric cars. The little trains of three cars take the tracks at this end of the bridge, and when once on the tracks that are laid on the bridge they make quite a showing.

There are sixteen freight trains a day which pass over the bridge in either direction, making thirty-two trains of this nature which the operator and switchman must look out and account for. No particular notice of the trains is apparently taken by the men in charge, but every few minutes he will get up from a comfortable chair, throw over a switch or two, and in less than a minute along comes a train, and the switches are changed again. The passing of these freight trains shows a good deal how business is in the workaday world.

If trains are long and heavily loaded it means that business is good; that orders for this and that have and are being issued, and that merchants, manufacturers, and producers of raw materials are busily engaged in filling the orders sent out. When freight trains are short and running light they show that there is a lack of general business everywhere, that is felt not only on the railroad, but in other branches of trade.

A short distance north of the bridge and between Twelfth and Thirteen-and-a-half streets and E and Water streets southwest, are the yards of the Southern Railway, and their roundhouse and car sheds. Several gangs of workmen are here engaged at all hours of the day and night. There is no let-up even on Sunday, for trains must be made up and cars and motive power must be in proper shape. In the roundhouse there are men engaged in cleaning or making some minor repairs to engines, while in the car sheds the passenger coaches are being overhauled and thoroughly cleaned before being made up into trains for a trip to the end of the line in the far South.

Switch engines are coming and going at all times, the crews either bringing a car in or taking one out. This program is gone through every day and every night, the industrial march being ordered years ago, and it has been just so ever since. That it will remain in operation there is little doubt, for the railroad business is a busy one, especially about this city, at all times of the year.

USED BY MANY ROADS.

Across the main tracks of the Southern, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads is the west side switch yard of the Pennsylvania railroad, extending from Twelfth to Fourteenth streets southwest, and here the same scene of activity as in the Southern Railway yards is witnessed every day and every night.

If there is a lot of heavy freight from the East and North for points South which goes by water from this city the cars are unloaded in the west end yards and the freight carted in trucks to the boats lying along the Seventh street docks. If there happens to be a carload of iron, a new street car for one of the several lines, a heavy piece of machinery, they are unloaded in this yard, for it occupies a more central position in the city than any of the other yards, and while the work done here is more convenient both for the railroad people and the truckmen the business is simply a part of the everyday affair and adds so much to the busy operations that are paramount in this section.

From the switch tower a good view of the docks and industry along the river front is obtained. The work of loading and unloading the largest of sailing vessels is carried on within a short distance of the bridge. It is one of the most interesting sights imaginable to watch the work of the longshoremen discharging the cargo of ice, cement or lumber of a big four-master and sending her off empty to Georgetown for coal.

The arrival of sloops loaded with fruit and vegetables, or cord wood and lumber is, too, a feature of the industrial habits of the Potomac in this particular section and all this commerce is carried on within a few hundred yards of the spot first mentioned.

Fixing a Corner.

An ordinary corner in a room that lacks distinction was improved by using a rich screen for a background. Before it was placed a beautiful mahogany tea table and two dainty chairs, that would have lost half their decorative value against the wall paper.

TRICKY MESSENGER BOYS

Washington Youngsters Who Earn Money by Their Wit.

WIDE AWAKE AND SHREWD

There Is a Wide Difference Between the Walker and the Rider. They Have Their Superstitions and Their Fun—"Soakers" Catch Them All Sometimes—The Happiest Day.

Many a joke is cracked about the messenger boy, but the Washington species is not slow and sleepy. A sharper and schrewder set of youngsters would be hard to find.

There are three companies in this city who employ these boys to carry messages and telegrams. The bicycle boy in one company receives $17 a month and the walking boy $14. Another company pays the messengers 2 cents a message or $16 a month, and the third pays the riding boy $16, and the walking boy 12 a month. For these amounts he works from 9 to 10 hours a day.

The 2-cent boys are the hustlers of the company; hustlers for the coin, and there is a race to the office every morning between them to catch the first batch of telegrams, which runs from fifty to seventy-five, for the Departments. Some of these boys get down as early as 4 o'clock when their hour of reporting is 8. The salaried boys creeps in along about 8 o'clock since it is immaterial to him whether he has one telegram or a hundred. It means no more salary for him on the first of the month.

ARE A TRICKY LOT.

They are a tricky lot, too, and many times will charge you for a telegram when the charges are already paid, and stuff the money down in their pockets to buy sweets for the day, for the messenger boys are high flyers and have a sweet tooth. A trick of the messenger boy during the winter is to carry a telegram to a house and as soon as some one comes to receive it he starts an imitation cough. He will then ask the lady to please give him ten cents to help purchase a bottle of cough syrup. The messenger boy's story will generally go, and with the imitation cough ringing in her ears the lady of the house will go down in her pocket and give the desired amount.

As for car tickets, why it would be hard to find a member of the force in the city who has not at least a dozen in his pocket always ready to do business with them at four cents a piece. Whenever they carry a message, wheel boy or walking boy, they will always say:

"Mister, will you please give me a car ticket, I've worked very hard today and am tired"

Nine times out of ten they receive it and trudge on to their destination, for a messenger boy in a street car is a rarity. Never send a message by a walking boy, for it will be necessary to use the X-Rays to tell when it will reach its destination. He will peer in all the shop windows along the line, discuss the latest make of bicycle with his pal, play a game or so of marbles or ball, stop at nine or ten candy and fruit stands, read "Deadwood Dick," and reach his destination about three hours and thirty minutes after starting. When you pay your bill you will think you have had the messenger all week instead of an hour or so.

There is as much difference between the bicycle and the walking boy as there is between night and day. Give the riding boy a message and sometimes a tip and he will mount his silent steed and go off like the wind. Occasionally he will loaf but not near as much as the "drillers" or walking boys.

Like a great many other people, messenger boys are superstitious, and when a telegram or message is sent to a house to reach which a cemetery has to be passed, it is hard to get a boy to carry it. They will go willingly in the day time but after night fall it is another question. They will begin to tell stories of spooks when such a message is mentioned, and it often results in the dismissal of several of the boys. With all this he is kind hearted and often has helped the needy with the few pennies he could spare.

THE HAPPIEST DAY.

The happiest day for a messenger boy is New Year's. Then he receives his greetings and distributes one with every message or telegram which almost always brings him something from the receiver.

The late Senator Leland Stanford would always present a $5 bill to the messenger boy who first brought him a telegram on New Year's morning, and to any other messenger who brought him a telegram during the rest of the day he would give fifty cents. The different foreign legations always give money on New Year's, and the whole force usually has indigestion on Christmas and New Year's.

Now and then the boys get what they call "soakers." This is a message to be delivered about five miles from the office, and with all the wheel boys out, the walking boy has to foot it. Sometimes he will foot it, sometimes he will throw up his job.

In winter time the night force of boys when business is slack, will use the "bully," or fire in the office, and read the latest editions of dime novels, such as "Nick Carter," "Deadwood Dick," "Harry Reade" and "Sure Shot Pete." You can often hear them whisper to one another, "Lend me such and such a novel," or "I will trade you." All of a sudden there will be a call and boy No. 1 on the bench will get "soaked" out in the cold on a call. The rest of the boys will laugh at their good luck while No. 1 now on the bench sits in fear, for he knows he will be the next one out and no smile broadens his face. His may be a "soaker" of a couple of miles. Some of the remainder keep on reading their novels, some go to sleep, and others think of the hour of quitting, for if there is anything a messenger boy don't like it is to work on a night with the snow two feet deep and the wind whistling around the corner at a forty-mile an hour rate.

So he lives along, but the messenger boy is not always going to be the same. He